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KING MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

The King Memorial



By HENRY P. PHELPS

ALBANY
PHELPS AND KELLOGG
1893

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J. HOWARD KING
1893



Brandow Printing Company
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Prof. H. King



A MAN OF BUSINESS

...

AS has been said of nations, so it may be said of individuals,

“Blessed are they who have no history.”

The soldier, the discoverer, the statesman, the scientist, the actor, the artist, the man of letters, even the physician, the lawyer, the clergyman, if at all eminent in his profession or calling, becomes so through struggles and achievements, defeats and victories, the record of which must always be of more or less absorbing and extended interest. It is among such men the world looks for its heroes; it is of such material popular biography is made.

But with the merchant, the financier, the successful man of business, it is different. His work may be as arduous and exacting; it may call for as high a degree of ability; it certainly requires possession of qualities which command respect and confidence; but it is devoid of the startling and the sensational; the counting-house is a dull arena compared with the battle-field; there are no feathers in the hat of the banker; he does not enthrall the masses as

does the actor or the orator ; his life is without climax, and often without incident. He gains esteem, but not applause ; his virtues shine, but they do not dazzle. Frequently he is a private benefactor, but seldom a public hero.

It does not follow, however, that the man most in the public eye is the man of most consequence to the public good. The pennant gaily streaming in the summer breeze attracts more attention, but it is certainly not more important to the welfare of the ship, than the anchor

“Deep down among sea-weed and ooze,
With a grip on the base of the world.”

Rufus H. King, for more than half a century resident in the city of Albany, N. Y., was in the highest, broadest, noblest sense a representative Man of Business, and it is as such that his children, holding him in loving remembrance, have erected in the beautiful Washington park a magnificent testimonial to perpetuate, so far as possible, the honor and esteem in which he was held by the men and women of his day and generation.

RUFUS H. KING

MR. KING was born in Ridgefield, Connecticut, November 30, 1794. His father, Gen. Joshua King, came from Braintree, Massachusetts, and entering the army of the Revolution at the age of seventeen, was made a cornet, and afterwards a lieutenant in the Second Regiment of Light Dragoons, under Col. Sheldon. They were stationed near the line between Connecticut and New York, and it was while in service here that there appeared one morning at headquarters, an adjutant and four men belonging to the Connecticut militia, having in charge a prisoner who looked somewhat like a gentleman in reduced circumstances. He had on a purple coat with gold lace, worn threadbare, a small-brimmed, tarnished, beaver hat, nankeen small-clothes, and long white-top boots. His hair was tied in a queue, with long black band, and his clothes were travel-stained. Lieut. King, to whom the prisoner was delivered, saw at once that he had to do with a person of more than ordinary importance, and his own barber coming in to shave him, the same service was offered to the stranger and gladly accepted. When the ribbon was taken from his hair, the lieutenant observed that it was full of powder which, with other circumstances, confirmed his previous impression. After being shaved the prisoner asked the privilege of going to bed till his linen and small-clothes could be washed, but this was made unnecessary by Lieut. King offering a change of clothing which was

accepted. These little courtesies so won the confidence of the prisoner that he revealed to Lieut. King the fact that he was none other than Major John Andre, adjutant-general of the British army, and that he had been arrested inside the American lines. Asking for pen and paper he proceeded to write to Gen. Washington, but before midnight orders came from the commander-in-chief to forward the prisoner at once to headquarters, and this was also done under charge of Lieut. King. These facts and other interesting information in relation to the capture of Major Andre are embodied in a letter written by Gen. King in 1817, and published in the "History of Ridgefield," by Rev. Daniel W. Teller, where it is further stated that the young lieutenant remained with Andre at headquarters till the execution, and even walked with him to the gallows on which the brave and gallant Englishman met his shameful death.

Lieut. King (afterwards general of the state militia) having become attached to the part of the country where he had served with distinction, settled after the war in Ridgefield, and became a merchant and its leading citizen. He married Anne, daughter of Rev. Jonathan Ingersoll, April 18, 1784. They had ten children, four sons and six daughters, of whom Mr. S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley," also a native of Ridgefield,) in his "Recollections of a Lifetime," says:

"All reached maturity and constituted one of the comeliest groups I have ever known. The girls all married, save one; three of the sons—among the handsomest men of their time—professed bachelorism; a proof of what all shrewd observers know, that hand-

some men, spontaneously enjoying the smiles of the sex, feel no need of resigning their liberty, while ugly men are forced to capitulate on bended knees and accept the severe conditions of matrimony as the only happy issue out of their solitude. One only, Rufus H. King, of Albany, took upon himself the honors of wedlock. All these persons possessed that happy balance of good sense, good feelings, good looks and good manners which insure success in life."

Two of the daughters settled in Albany, Ann Maria marrying Elisha W. Skinner, partner for many years with the Websters in the printing business; and Sophia, William McHarg.

William McHarg was the descendant of Scotch parents belonging to a party of eleven heads of families who settled in Saratoga county in 1774, and called the place Galway, after the home they had left across the water. William was born in 1778, and eight years later removed to Albany. Here he grew up and engaged in the mercantile business. Becoming connected with the King family by marriage it so happened that his brother-in-law, Rufus H., who had acquired some experience in his father's store in Ridgefield, came to Albany, and on attaining to his majority was taken into partnership with Mr. McHarg, under the firm name of McHarg & King. This was May 1, 1815. Their place of business was No. 429 South Market street (late 51 Court street) and now 376-8 Broadway.

Albany was a flourishing city in those days. We learn from Spafford's *Gazetteer* (1813) that including the Colonie and other suburbs on the west side of the river, there was about 12,000 inhabitants and 1,800 houses within a little more than a mile square; that 356 sailing vessels paid wharf-

age here either by the day or the year; that the quantity of wheat annually purchased was estimated at a million bushels, with other grain and products nearly in the same proportion; that the great roads of communication between the eastern states and the western country centred more extensive intercourse at Albany than at any other place between the eastern and western sections of the Union; and it is doubtful if there were a place on the continent visited by so many teams; while the city probably possessed more real capital than any other place in the United States containing the same population.

Such a place must have possessed great attractions for the enterprising men of the east. Steamboating was in its infancy on the Hudson; the Erie canal with its vast future had been projected, and Albany as its eastern terminus was no doubt looked upon at that time as men have since regarded Chicago and Duluth.

Twenty-five years earlier not more than five New England families were to be found in the whole city, but Elkanah Watson had recently been showing Albany what a "real live Yankee" was like. He had talked canals and turnpikes; he had organized two banks; he had driven hogs from the streets to the pound, and been the means of paving State street, all of which "pernicious activity" had brought him more cuffs than coppers. But the heaven was working. It does not appear that any prejudice which might have been entertained at that time against new comers from over the border was extended to Mr. King. He continued in business with his brother-in-law till 1823,

when the firm was dissolved and Rufus H. King & Co. began business as wholesale dry goods merchants at No. 53, afterwards 49 State street, and there continued for twenty-eight long prosperous years. Associated at different times with Mr. King in business were his brother Joshua I. King, Henry Bleecker and John Mellarg.

Joshua I. King, the youngest of the family, came to Albany as a boy and resided with his brother, first at No. 113 State street and afterwards at No. 1 Park place, and in due time was taken into partnership. Then, their father dying (August 13, 1839), Joshua returned to Ridgefield and took up his abode at the old homestead where he thus impressed "Peter Parley" in 1855 :

"On Monday morning I took a wide range over the town with Joshua King, who, by the way, is not only the successor but in some things the repetition of his father. He represents him in person, and has many of his qualities. He has remodeled the grounds around the old family mansion, amplifying and embellishing them with much judgment. The house* itself is unchanged, except by paint and the introduction of certain articles of furniture and tasteful decorations — testimonials of the proprietor's repeated visits to Europe. Here, being a bachelor, he has gathered some of his nieces, and here he receives the members of the King dynasty down to the third generation — all seeming to regard it as the Jerusalem of the family. The summer gathering here is delightful, bringing hither the refinements of the best society of New York, Philadelphia and other places."

In 1849 Mr. King represented the eleventh district in the Connecticut senate. He died July 30, 1887.

Henry Bleecker retired from the firm of Rufus H. King

*The King mansion, which on the death of Mr. Joshua King became the property of Mr. J. Howard King of Albany, was completely destroyed by fire in July, 1880, together with many heirlooms, portraits and the family Bible. It was at that time undergoing thorough renovation and is about to be rebuilt by Mr. King on the old plan with some modifications.

& Co. in 1847. John McHarg, son of William McHarg, Mr. King's first partner, became a member in 1837 and continued with the firm till its dissolution and disappearance from the commercial history of Albany in 1851.

Mr. King became president of the New York State Bank March 16, 1840, a position which he held till his death. He had become a director July 9, 1828, and vice-president October 14, 1835. He was the bank's third president, his predecessors having been Lieut.-Gov. John Tayler (1803-1829), Francis Bloodgood (1829-1840). He was for many years the chairman of the finance committee, and it was under his administration that the bank first acquired the wide reputation for soundness and stability which it has ever since maintained.

On New Year's day, 1866, Mr. King was presented with an elegant service of silver which was accompanied by the following letter :

RUFUS H. KING, Esq., *President*:

Dear Sir—At a meeting of the directors of the New York State Bank, held on the 28th day of June last, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

In consideration of the esteem and regard entertained by all for Mr. Rufus H. King, our president, who for more than thirty years has presided in the bank, it is unanimously considered appropriate that the change of the bank from a state institution to the national bank system, or reorganization, should be marked by a testimonial of his success as a banker. Therefore,

Resolved, That Messrs. Ransom, Townsend, Waterman and Edson be appointed a committee to purchase and present to Mr. King a

set of silver properly inscribed, as a testimonial from the shareholders and directors of the bank.

On motion, *Resolved*, That the cashier be added to said committee.

In accordance with the duty prescribed in the above resolutions, the undersigned have pleasure in informing you that they have procured the accompanying soup-tureen and plateau, vegetable dishes and stands and gravy boats, of which on behalf of the shareholders and directors of the bank they ask your acceptance, with their best wishes for your health and happiness.

We are, sir, respectfully your obedient servants,

S. H. RANSOM,
FRANKLIN TOWNSEND,
JEREMIAH WATERMAN,
FRANKLIN EDSON,
J. H. VAN ANTWERP.

Albany, December 28, 1865.

Mr. King became a director in the Albany Insurance Company in March, 1831 ; its vice-president in July, 1859, and its president in January, 1862. This company, organized in 1811, is the second oldest insurance company in the state.

Just as the war was breaking out in 1861, Mr. King became president of the Albany Savings Bank of which he had been a trustee since 1843. It was chartered March 14, 1820, and is the second oldest savings bank in the state.

It was with these three financial institutions, each the oldest of its kind in the city of Albany, that Mr. King was particularly identified. Since their establishment hundreds of similar corporations throughout the country have gone to wreck, blasting in their fall ten thousand fortunes,

wiping out of existence ten thousand incomes. It is not by chance merely that these three survive and prosper; rather is it by adhering to the safe and sound financial principles inculcated and practiced by the administrations of which Rufus H. King was the head and front and moving spirit. With integrity that never faltered, with probity that never swerved, with rectitude that never knew the shadow of a shade, he guarded with equal vigilance the deposit of the widow's mite, and of the rich man's million. Panics came, fires devoured, rebellion threatened, hard money became a tradition; there must have been days and nights when the soundest judgment, the ripest thought, the coolest head and the grandest courage alone served to avert disaster, and hold ruin, itself, at bay. But of all this there is little trace. We only see results as they exist in the Gibraltar-like foundations on which stand serene and moveless, the three financial institutions to which were devoted the best endeavors of Rufus H. King.

Mr. King was married September 15, 1824, to Miss Amelia Laverty, of New York, with whom he lived in uninterrupted domestic felicity, and who survived him till January 10, 1878. Their four children were: Col. Henry L. King, who died December 22, 1878; Mr. J. Howard King; Mrs. Anna Josephine, wife of Gen. Franklin Townsend, who died October 13, 1883; and Gen. Rufus H. King.

Mr. King died suddenly on the morning of the 9th of

July, 1867. The *Albany Evening Journal* of that date says editorially (probably by the pen of Mr. George Dawson):

“In his temperament Mr. King was peculiarly a man of business. He devoted himself sedulously to those occupations for which he was specially fitted, and though having many opportunities for public preferment, avoided them with almost morbid dislike. He was a kind and faithful husband, a loving father, a true friend, an upright and honored citizen. The most scrupulous integrity marked every transaction in which he was engaged. He made hosts of friends and no enemies. Generous to the last degree, he always saw the best qualities of those with whom he came in contact, and was probably incapable of cherishing such a sentiment as animosity. Though he had lived beyond the measure of time usually allotted to many, his habits were so active, and his intellect so clear that his friends had hoped he might still be spared to them many years; and he will be keenly missed in the circles he has so long adorned with his presence.”

Mr. Thurlow Weed, in announcing editorially in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of July 9, the death of Mr. King, says:

“This blow falls heavily upon one whose sources of intellectual and social enjoyment, Time, with its relentless scythe, keeps narrowing. Death, only when it entered our household, bereaving us of kindred, has come so near, or wounded so deeply. Rufus H. King, for full forty years, was, socially, our close companion and friend—in business, our counselor and guide. For much of material prosperity we are indebted to his guardianship. But highly as we esteemed him in this relation, his companionship was far more precious.

There was not in the state a more thorough merchant and banker than Rufus H. King, or one more extensively known, esteemed or confided in. The financial officers of the state, through all changes, were accustomed to avail themselves of Mr. King's knowledge and

judgment as to the time and character of their loans. His experience and advice, always cheerfully given, saved hundreds of thousands of dollars to the treasury."

Twenty-five years later Mr. Weed retained the same lively feeling of gratitude, as expressed in the Albany *Evening Journal* of March 22, 1880:

"Subsequently when the *Evening Journal* became the state paper and I a partner, Mr. King kindly became my pecuniary guardian, taking the same care of my interests as of his own. Under his auspices during the next twenty years he saw, as he used to say with much gratification, 'the acorn grow into an oak.' It is to his devoted friendship that I am largely indebted for the competency which not only renders the evening of life free from care and toil, but enables me to do something for those less fortunate."

At a special meeting of the directors of the New York State National Bank, held July 9, 1867, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The board has heard with unspeakable regret of the sudden and unexpected death of its president, Rufus H. King, Esq.,

Resolved, That it is with the most painful emotion that we receive tidings so conclusively terminating the association which has been so long and agreeably maintained between us and our late president, and compel us to mourn that we shall see him among us no more.

Resolved, That in his death which separates us from a tried friend, a wise counselor and liberal citizen, we have sustained a loss to which we can be reconciled only by receiving it submissively as the decree of Divine Providence.

Resolved, That we respectfully offer to all the members of the family of our deceased friend, our condolence and sympathy with them in their affliction and bereavement; and that a copy of these resolutions be furnished them, and that they be entered in the minutes and published.

Resolved, That in consideration of the long connection of Mr. King with the bank as director, vice-president and president, and of his devoted services to it, extending over a period of nearly forty years, that the banking room and offices be draped in mourning for sixty days, and that the board will attend the funeral in a body.

J. H. VAN ANTWERP,

Cashier.

At a special meeting of the directors of the Albany Insurance Company, held July 10, 1867, the mournful intelligence having been communicated to this board that Rufus H. King, the president of the company, suddenly departed this life on the morning of the 9th inst.,

Resolved, That we have heard with the most sincere emotions of sorrow of the death of our greatly esteemed and most respected president, Rufus H. King, by which afflicting event we have lost an upright, public spirited and liberal citizen, a faithful, judicious and efficient officer, a pleasant companion and a true friend.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, with the assurance of our deep sympathies in the sad bereavement which has so unexpectedly deprived them of a kind and indulgent husband and parent.

HARMON PUMPELLY,

STEPHEN GROESBECK,

Vice-President.

Secretary.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of the Albany Savings Bank, held this day, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the board has heard with deep regret the announcement of the death of Rufus H. King, for many years one of its members and since 1861 its president; and that while bearing witness to the intelligence, energy and success with which he devoted himself to its interests, we in common with this entire community feel that we are deprived of an enterprising citizen and wise counselor, we also, as individuals, mourn the loss of a kind, genial and attached friend.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with the family of the deceased in their sudden and afflictive bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and be printed.

JACOB H. TEN EYCK,

President pro tem.

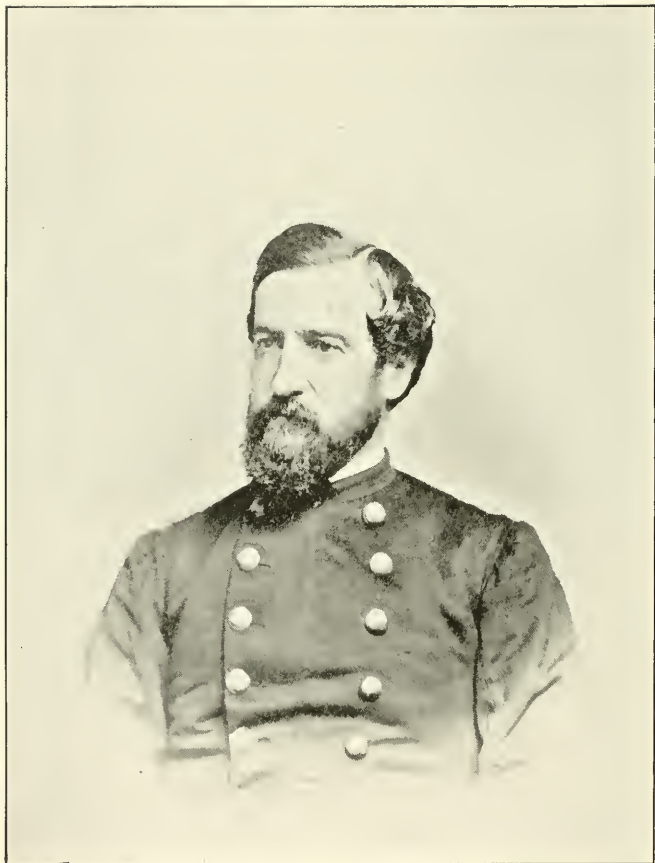
ROBERT H. PRUVN,

Secretary.

The funeral took place Friday, July 12. The bearers were Thurlow Weed, H. T. Morgan and Jacob D. Vermilye, of New York; Daniel B. St. John, of Newburgh; Henry Burden of Troy; *Thomas Hillhouse, Thomas W. Olcott, Henry H. Martin, Ezra Prentice, Jacob H. Ten Eyck and Gen. John Tayler Cooper, of Albany. A stately shaft of granite in the Albany Rural cemetery marks the last resting place of Rufus H. King.

* The only survivor, September, 1893.





COL. HENRY L. KING.

COL. HENRY L. KING

WASHINGTON PARK, the city of Albany, and all who admire the beautiful in art and sentiment, owe the existence of the King fountain to the filial affection and public spirit of the late Col. Henry L. King.

Henry Laverty King was the oldest son of Rufus H. King. He was born in Albany June 1, 1825; passed his boyhood here; was prepared for college at the Albany academy, which stands scarce a stone's throw from his father's door; graduated at Union college in the class of '43; spent several years in foreign travel, became proficient in French, and was accomplished in many ways. He returned to Albany, and at the outbreak of the war of the rebellion entered the service of his country as an officer in the 9th New York, and was soon made paymaster, with the rank of major, which was advanced by brevet to lieutenant-colonel and colonel of volunteers by the secretary of war, for faithful and meritorious services. Col. King continued his connection with the pay department till 1865 when, the war being over, he resigned, and thenceforth made his home in his native city.

After, for some six months, bearing with uncomplaining fortitude the sufferings incident to an incurable disease, Col. King died December 22, 1878, at the house of his brother, Mr. J. Howard King, No. 1 Park place. The

following are extracts from an article which appeared the following Sunday in the *Albany Argus*:

"Col. King loved his native city and marked every step in her progress with interest and appreciation. Not all the allurements of foreign travel nor the delight of other cities could win his regard from his early home. He took pride in its institutions. Among other evidences of this spirit it is worthy of note that he was the first and only individual who fitted up a room in the Albany hospital as a private room. Churches had been busy in thus signaling themselves, but the "Lavery room" in the hospital, elegantly decorated and with every possible convenience for its purpose, will be remembered as the first donation of its kind. It was named after his mother, the daughter of Henry Lavery, formerly one of the merchant princes of New York, and distinguished for many noble and delightful qualities.

"But if Col. King will hold a place in memory as a public spirited citizen, he will hold a nobler place in the hearts of thousands of the poor and humble, whose regard he secured by countless benefactions. Genial, kind-hearted, amiable and affable to all, he was specially accessible to the poor, listening to the recital of their woes and sympathising with a ready hand. Kindness to the poor was the habit of his race, and nobly did he fulfill its traditions. Always a gentleman he was never more courteous than when in the presence of poverty and grief. He bore his protracted illness with patience, never uttering the slightest complaint. It had been his custom for several years to make a donation towards the Christmas tree at St. Paul's church, and almost the last act of his life was to remember this, which, whether at home or abroad, he had never neglected.

"Mr. King was a life member of the Burgesses Corps, a member of Masters Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, a director of the Albany Insurance Company and of the Watervliet Horse Railroad and Turnpike Company. He was a widower. His wife, a daughter of Isaac N. Phelps of New York, died several years since, and he never remarried. He was an affectionate son, a kind husband and brother, a public spirited citizen without noisy display, a generous hearted and liberal handed friend to the needy and distressed, and always and in every relation with his fellow men a thorough gentleman by instinct and cultivation."





KING MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

THE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

THE idea of the King fountain originated in this way :

The first president of the board of commissioners of Washington park, Mr. John H. Van Antwerp, who was also vice-president of the New York State National Bank, of which Mr. J. Howard King is president, frequently expressed in his presence the hope that the beautiful pleasure ground would in time be adorned, by gift and legacy, with statues, fountains, and other works of art. In 1876 Mr. J. Howard King, with thousands of others, was greatly impressed with the beauty of the Bartholdi fountain on exhibition at the Centennial exposition, and with his friend's suggestion in mind, the idea occurred to him that it would be a good thing to do to transfer that master-piece of French art to Washington park. He wrote to the eminent sculptor asking him on what terms he would remove the fountain from Philadelphia to Albany. M. Bartholdi came to Albany, met Mr. King, and said that he would sell the fountain as it stood in Philadelphia, but could not attend to its transportation or re-construction as he was going back to Europe immediately. Mr. King was not disposed to run the risk of the transfer, and negotiations ceased.

Meantime, Col. King on returning from abroad, and learning of the proposition, said to his brother one day :

"I will see that a fountain is erected in Washington park, and will make it a memorial to our father."

Almost upon the word he went to his lawyer, John J. Olcott, Esq., and added to the will already drawn, a codicil authorizing and directing his executors, Mr. J. Howard King and Mr. D. W. Wemple, "to erect a fountain in Washington park, in the city of Albany, in memory of my father Rufus H. King, deceased," and to expend therefor not less than \$10,000, which sum could be increased, if they so thought best, to \$20,000.

Col. King died as stated December 22, 1878, and the will being admitted to probate January 9, following, it was soon made known that besides numerous legacies to orphan asylums, hospitals, homes for the friendless and for aged men, etc., etc., there was this noble contribution to art and to the city of Albany.

The sentiments which had actuated their brother in making this bequest, found a prompt and cheerful response in the hearts of the surviving members of the family. At the suggestion of Mr. J. Howard King, the second son, and the acting executor of the will, and with the cordial approval of the late Mrs. Franklin Townsend, the daughter; and of Gen. Rufus H. King, the third and youngest son, the other \$10,000 was added to the legacy, and the \$20,000 was put at interest at such a rate as was consistent with the proper investment of a trust fund of this character, until a proper design could be found and adopted.

But this, which at first might have seemed an easy task, proved to be a problem which gave many hours of per-

plexity to all concerned, particularly to Mr. J. Howard King on whom, as the one legally qualified to carry out his dead brother's wishes, the burden rested. Having been successful in what may be said to be the one ambition of his life, which was to succeed to the three important positions already named as having been held by his father at the time of his death, namely, the presidency of the Albany Savings Bank, the State Bank, and the Albany Insurance Company; and like his father standing among the first of the leading citizens of Albany in enterprise, public spirit and love of his native city, it was natural that on his own account, as well as for the sake of his dead brother and father, he should wish to make the King memorial as near what it should be, as possible. With this end in view, neither time nor trouble was taken into the account. Opinions were sought, the most eminent artists were consulted, and finally prizes were offered for a design.

Meantime the fund accumulated till it reached the handsome sum of over \$30,000.

Gradually it grew to be Mr. King's thought that the fountain should not be a repetition of the dolphins, the naiads, the mermaids and the water-gods which have served the purpose from time immemorial; but that it should represent some event in history, some familiar story that would need no explanation, and for that reason a Scriptural subject seemed desirable, but many of these were hackneyed. Finally he thought of Moses at the Rock of Horeb. Strange to say, this, the first fountain to find a

place in history, had yet to find its place in art. So pleased were Mr. King and other members of the family with the idea, that although all the artists competing had their own and different subjects to offer, Mr. King clung to Moses from first to last, and Moses was adopted.

It was an afterthought, perhaps, that in so doing there would be erected in the city where laws are made for six millions of people, and where stands the most costly legislative building in the world, the only worthy statue in America of the greatest law-giver of ancient or modern times.

MR. J. MASSEY RHIND

The successful competitor, selected by a committee whose judgment in matters of art may well be regarded as final, is Mr. J. Massey Rhind, a native of Scotland, where his father and grandfather were sculptors before him. In fact the whole family is imbued with artistic tendencies, which find expression not only in sculpture but in architecture and illustration of books. The father, Mr. Rhind, just before his death in 1892, was made an associate member of the Royal Academy, in recognition of his success with the statue of the eminent publisher, William Chambers, recently erected in Edinburgh. The honor is the more noteworthy from the fact that it is seldom bestowed upon a resident of Scotland, and young Mr. Rhind speaks of it with tender pride as a mark of the appreciation justly due to an artist of his father's unquestioned genius.

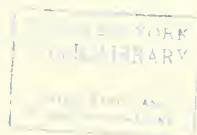
While the career of the young man is not as yet a long one, it has been characterized by more than ordinary brilliancy. At the very outset it was his good fortune to win by work at the Royal Scottish academy to which he was sent when a youth of fifteen, a national scholarship in the academy at South Kensington. One scholarship in sculpture and one in painting are awarded each year to England, Ireland and Scotland. These are naturally honors eagerly sought and of great practical value. During Mr. Rhind's term at South Kensington he also won the biennial gold medal for a composition in sculpture, which drew to him the attention of Sir Frederick Leighton, who advised him to spend some time in Paris, which he did, studying and observing under the instruction of Delau. It was then his intention to return to Scotland and assist his father. Before fairly settling down he yielded to a long-felt desire to visit America, not with much expectation of remaining, however, as his father expressed the fear that America was not yet ready to give much encouragement to artists. Mr. Rhind came over in June, 1889, thinking that he would at least see New York and Niagara, and if no opening appeared return to his father and Edinburgh. Fortunately very early in his American experience he made the acquaintance of Dean Hoffman who found in the young artist much enthusiasm in regard to work of a religious character, and within a month of his arrival engaged him to decorate the memorial chapel of the General Theological seminary in New York.

Not long afterwards he was chosen by Richard M.

Hunt, after competition, to execute one of the Astor memorial doors for Trinity church, an achievement which from its conspicuous position and the attention with which it is regarded in the world of art, was admirably calculated to gain for a stranger artist the recognition so vital to success.

The King fountain, however, is for several reasons the most important commission that has been entrusted to Mr. Rhind; not merely because of the handsome sum of money involved, nor of the originality of the subject, but because, standing for generations in one of the most lovely parks in the world, it will represent, in some degree, the liberality and public spirit of the Capital city of the Empire state, which as all capitals should be, is destined as time rolls on, to become a centre in which Art takes its place with Architecture in giving expression to the culture and refinement of a great and prosperous people.

Fully realizing the magnitude of the undertaking, and spurred still further by the reflection that upon its success depended in no small degree his immediate future in America, Mr. Rhind has brought to the task every resource at his command, making the matter of cost an entirely secondary consideration.





"MOSES."



THE UNVEILING OF THE FOUNTAIN

...

THE KING FOUNTAIN stands in the southeast section of Washington park, near Madison avenue, between Lexington avenue and Willett street, and is so situated that while not at a great elevation, the principal figure can be seen from many directions and for long distances.

The unveiling exercises and presentation of the fountain to the city took place Friday afternoon, September 29, 1893. Despite the threatening clouds thousands of people assembled to do honor to the occasion. The Albany Zouave Cadets (Co. A, Tenth Battalion), of which Col. King was a member, courteously volunteered, under command of Capt. E. L. Judson, their escort to the family, the orator, the poet and the clergyman, who arrived in carriages preceded by Gartland's band, between two and three o'clock; and with as little delay as possible the following program was carried out amid alternate bursts of sunshine and dashes of heavy rain :

ORDER OF EXERCISES

- 1 MUSIC—America.
- 2 PRAYER —
Rev. CHARLES KING MCHARG.
- 3 UNVEILING OF THE FOUNTAIN—
Miss KING, Miss WINONA KING, Miss IRFNE H. KING,
Miss MARY H. KING, Master THOMAS W. KING.
- 4 INTRODUCTION OF THE ORATOR OF THE DAY —
By Mr. J. HOWARD KING.
- 5 ORATION AND PRESENTATION OF THE FOUNTAIN
TO THE CITY —
Gen. HORACE PORTER.
- 6 ACCEPTANCE FOR THE CITY BY THE PARK COM-
MISSIONERS —
Mr. CHARLES J. BUCHANAN.
- 7 MUSIC — Selection from "The Messiah."
- 8 POEM —
Mr. WILLIAM D. MORANGE.
- 9 MUSIC — Home Sweet Home.

ORATION

BY

GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

SHAKESPEARE says, "Beauty itself doth itself persuade the eyes of men without an orator," and the beautiful work of art which has just been unveiled in your presence, with its chaste lines and graceful proportions, speaks so impressively for itself that I am sure there is little need of any remarks from the speaker who has been asked to address you.

This fountain, which will henceforth form one of the chief ornaments of this historic city, is the noble tribute of a generous son to an honored father. It has been wisely said that he who does not respect his ancestors will never be likely to achieve anything for which his descendants will respect him. The father, Rufus H. King, to whom this work will stand as a fitting and lasting memorial, was in every way worthy of this tribute of the son. He was the descendant of distinguished patriotic ancestry, being the son of General Joshua King of Connecticut, who bore a conspicuous part in the war of the Revolution. When a very young man he selected Albany as his permanent residence, and his name will always be inseparably connected with the history and prosperity of this city. Early in his career he rose to be one of the most successful and respected merchants in the community, and afterwards enlarged his sphere of usefulness by becoming a prominent banker. When death removed him from the busy walks of life, he was president of the Albany Savings Bank, of the New York State National Bank, and of the Albany Insurance Company. Under his prudent management, these corporations became three of the most prosperous institutions of their kind in this portion of the state. He had, in the meantime, held other positions of public trust and responsibility, and closed his career of usefulness crowned with the ripeness of years, and in the enjoyment of a name which had become the synonym of commercial honor. It was eminently fitting that such a memory should be perpetuated by a public testimonial, and it does infinite honor to the heart of that son, whose

thoughtfulness and affection prompted him to make ample provision in his will for carrying out this laudable purpose.

Colonel Henry L. King died in this city on the 22d of December, 1878. His will was probated January 10, 1879. A codicil to this instrument directed that the sum of \$10,000 should be devoted to the erection of a fountain in Washington park in memory of his father who had died July 9, 1867. The will of Colonel King also authorized his executors to add to this sum another \$10,000 in case it should, in their judgment, be necessary in order to make the work conform in every respect to the purpose for which it was intended. The surviving brothers and the sister promptly approved of making an addition of \$10,000 to the original amount. This was carried into effect by the oldest surviving brother and surviving executor of the will, Mr. J. Howard King. The money was judiciously invested, and at the beginning of this year the principal with the accrued interest amounted to the handsome sum of over \$30,000.

The executor had been confronted with the exceedingly difficult problem of securing the erection of a fountain which would thoroughly carry out the wishes of Colonel King, be worthy of the handsome park in which it was to be placed, and be possessed of sufficient originality and beauty to spare it from the adverse criticism of persons of cultivated artistic tastes. Many suggestions were received, but they were so lacking either in originality, or in artistic merit, that it was found better to reject them, notwithstanding the delay involved, than to make a hasty selection and fall short of the high aim which had been adhered to from the outset by those charged with the accomplishment of the work. In the happy result finally attained, the wisdom of making haste slowly has received another confirmation. After thoroughly canvassing the matter, and bringing to bear upon it a well-matured judgment, it was decided by the executor and the other relatives of Colonel King, that the most original and desirable subject would be a representation of Moses smiting the rock. Each of the following named artists was invited to submit a design, either illustrative of this conception, or of some other subject to be chosen by himself: Daniel C. French, Ephraim P. Keyser, Charles H. Niehaus, and J. Massey Rhind. Their high professional reputation and artistic taste made them a most appropriate choice for



" CHILDHOOD."

the accomplishment of this important work. Models were prepared of the several designs furnished by these gentlemen, and were put upon exhibition in Albany, in order that they might be inspected by the park commissioners, the press and the general public. In the further exercise of the painstaking care which had been manifested throughout, these models were then taken to New York and submitted to a committee consisting of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, a sculptor of world-wide reputation, Mr. Daniel Huntington, the celebrated artist, president of the Academy of National Design, and of the Century Association of New York, a club composed largely of professional artists and amateurs in art, Richard M. Hunt, the eminent architect and the only American, I believe, who has ever been honored by being decorated with the Gold Cross of the Society of British Architects, Mr. W. H. Chase, president of the Society of American Artists, and the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. It would seem impossible to have selected a committee more eminently fitted for the task presented to them. The design which commended itself to this committee more highly than any other was the one submitted by Mr. J. Massey Rhind, of New York, a young Scotchman who had lived only a few years in this country, but who was gaining an enviable reputation in his profession, and who, amongst other works, executed the designs for one of the Astor memorial doors in Trinity church. After Mr. Rhind's model had been approved by the committee, it was submitted to the park commissioners for their action, and was by them unanimously accepted, and a place was provided for its erection in Washington park. The design also received the approval of the surviving relatives and residuary legatees of Colonel King, and with their assent Mr. J. Howard King entered into a contract with Mr. Rhind for the execution of the fountain. How well this distinguished artist has accomplished the important work entrusted to him, you who gaze upon it to-day are now able to judge.

The capital city of our state is certainly to be congratulated upon this conspicuous and thoroughly meritorious addition to the works which contribute to its embellishment.

The enduring bronze in which it has been cast will be an ever-present object lesson in art. There is nothing which cultivates a higher taste in a community than the public display of deserving works of art. Art is more godlike than science, for while science

only discovers, art creates. All art is suggested by nature, and is often nature's best interpreter. It has therefore been said with much truth, that he who is an enemy of art is an enemy of nature. If an emperor could stoop to pick up the brush dropped by a Titian, all men may bow to art. It speaks a universal language, and imparts a lasting pleasure to all. It appeals to our highest senses and awakens our noblest emotions. It is an eternal benediction. It induces the power of reflection and inspires us with the majesty of the creative faculty. The enjoyment of it is an act which never wearies, and is one of the few pleasures which bring with them no punishment. The gratification it affords is all engrossing, yet unselfish, for its indulgence robs no one of his right to share its joys. A critic has said, "The art of a thing lies first in the aim and next in the manner of accomplishment." The high aim of the conception of this work of art reflects unquestioned praise upon its author, and its manner of accomplishment will add largely to the fame of the artist by whom it has been so successfully executed. The design recalls one of the most memorable incidents in biblical history, and makes prominent a useful lesson from Scripture.

We can hardly conceive of a more appropriate monument or memorial intended to contribute to the adornment of a great city, and to the convenience and pleasure of its citizens than a public fountain. It becomes the cup-bearer to the populace. Byron says,

"Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth.
If you had been in Turkey, or in Spain,
Or with a famished boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is — in a well."

The sight and sound of water are never-failing sources of delight. It is water which mirrors in its surface nature's beauties which surround it, and reflects Heaven in its face. There is music in its rill. The sound of its ripples never fails to touch some sacred chord of memory. Its cup is the cup which knows no poison. It slakes the thirst of fevered tongues, it is the joy of youth, the boon of old age, nature's best physician, the true medicine of life, and the universal dispenser of health.

It can not fail to be a source of inexpressible congratulation to the people of any community that its public monuments should be contributed, not by a state or city government, but by the generosity of its citizens. One of the chief prides of our country—and the practice in this respect differs widely from that of other countries—is that the monuments which lend their beauty to public places are not erected with money wrung from unwilling taxpayers, but furnished by individuals or by voluntary contributions from the people. Under such circumstances, the people feel a deeper interest in their monuments, and look upon them not only as works of adornment, but as evidences of generosity and public spirit. In some of the European cities, when mob violence has reigned in the streets, the populace have attacked and destroyed the works of art erected by the government. In this country, wherever a great monument is in whole or in part the result of the voluntary contributions of its citizens, no matter what madness may rule the hour, there need be no fear that such memorials will not be watched and guarded by the people as carefully as the dragon guarded the Hesperian fruit.

In a land of free institutions and generous impulses, nothing is detested so much as avarice, nothing is admired so much as generosity. Douglas Jerrold said, "Some men's hearts are shrunk in them like dried nuts. You can hear 'em rattle as they walk." There are too many men at the present day who provide, that after they have descended into the tomb, their money shall be invested in securities which shall lie in vaults as tomb-like as their own sepulchres, that such values shall be hidden out of sight, and contribute to the happiness of none save those who draw the revenues. We are prepared to look with pleasure and commendation upon the men who place their money above ground, in factories, in lines of transportation, in mercantile houses and other useful establishments; and especially do we admire those who have sufficient generosity and consideration for their fellow beings to devote a portion of their means to the creation of monuments, statues and other memorials which shall stand forth in the broad light of day, conspicuous among our public art works, and contribute for ages to the pleasure and instruction of an entire community.

As the munificence of a Mæcenas was necessary to literature in the Augustan age of Rome, so art at the present day requires

patrons able to give substantial encouragement to its creators. Unfortunately most of our citizens who are clothed abundantly with the world's riches have had their minds so absorbed throughout an active business life in caring for their material interests that they have not acquired a sufficient taste for art to be counted among its votaries. On the other hand, those who are endowed with true artistic instincts, have lived so much in the realms of fancy and spent so much of their time in the exercise of tastes which produce but little pecuniary reward that they have not the means which would enable them to become useful patrons of art.

For the creation of our artistic memorials, we must depend upon those who are possessed at the same time of a love and appreciation of art and of sufficient wealth to furnish the means required to carry to successful execution the conceptions of the artists' minds. It is fortunate for our people when a man is found who combines within himself these two requirements so essential to the production of artistic works.

The present memorial will remain for all time as a noble tribute of filial affection, and as a fitting adornment to the native city of the donor. Its presence will recall the highest type of a son's devotion; it will point a worthy lesson in generous sentiment; its mute eloquence will plead for like action on the part of others yet to come, and the name of its donor will never cease to command the gratitude of this community as long as men entertain a sense of the beautiful in art and an appreciation of the liberality of public spirited American citizens.

It now gives me great pleasure, in the name and on behalf of Mr. J. Howard King, the sole surviving executor of the will of the late Colonel Henry L. King, to formally present to the city of Albany, through you, gentlemen of the board of park commissioners, this memorial fountain.



"YOUTH."

THE ACCEPTANCE

BY

Mr. CHARLES J. BUCHANAN.

IN accepting the fountain for the city, Mr. Charles J. Buchanan, on behalf of the park commissioners, said :

Mr. J. Howard King, Ladies and Gentlemen :

We are here this afternoon to finish the purpose of the late Colonel Henry L. King to erect a fountain in Washington park in memory of his father. Not long before Colonel King's death, from almost this very spot he informed friends who were then with him, of his intention to make this bequest to the city of Albany, for the object already suggested. It was a happy thought and a most gracious act on his part to so kindly remember his native city. It was, also, a filial act and full of devotion to the memory of his distinguished father, the late Rufus H. King.

The remote effects of this loyal impulse, noble and characteristic as it was of Colonel King, may not have been foreseen by him. It may be that he did not at that time fully realize the consequence and importance of his generosity and forethought. But whether this be so or not, that intention of his was born of inspiration. This structure will always be known as the "King Fountain." Strangers and persons unfamiliar with the origin of the gift will invariably ask to be informed of the significance of this name; and so the story of the fountain will continue to be repeated until all the facts connected with it will have become legendary and part of the history of Albany. To have one's name thus honorably associated with the current local history of his time is a pardonable vanity and worthy of emulation.

After what has been so eloquently and so truly said of him by the orator whose words have so entranced us this afternoon, it is hardly pertinent for me to say anything to you of the late Henry L. King in performing my simple duty here. I was more than charmed by the oration of General Porter :

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking."

It is proper, however, for me to pay tribute to him from whom the city, whose servant I am, receives the beautiful fountain which has just been unveiled before us.

Many of you well remember our benefactor. He was always courtly and affable, ever in touch with his fellow men; invariably mindful of all that goes to make up the amenities of life; scorning all that was contemptible, mean, or deceitful; recognizing worth and merit wherever he saw them; of a happy, cheerful disposition; polished and engaging in his manners; educated, loved, honored and respected; possessing all these endowments, qualities and talents; in a word,

" He bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

It is useless to ask why such a man was so popular among his associates, or why he should so fondly remember both his father and his home. His remains, as well as those of Rufus H. King, rest in yonder beautiful cemetery, fittingly marked and cherished by loving hearts and willing hands. This monument will for ages contribute to rescue their memories from the common decay. The skillful handiwork before us needs no encomium from my lips. The fountain is imposing, unique and artistic. The merits of the structure show for themselves, and are both original and striking.

All honor to the artist who has so ably and faithfully interpreted and realized the dream of Colonel King. To be thus remembered in granite and in bronze is an ambition to which everybody may aspire. So long, at least, as a stone or statue of this fountain shall remain, will the names of Rufus H. King and Henry L. King be held in grateful remembrance. It may be truly observed of him who raises such a monument as this for the public to enjoy, that he builds wiser than he knew; that he is a philanthropist, and that his works do follow him.

May we never fail to cherish and revere the manhood and example of the father, to perpetuate whose memory this fountain was intended; nor should we ignore the name and precedent of the son, by whose munificence its erection was made possible.

In behalf of the board of commissioners of Washington park, it gives me great pleasure to accept this gift for the city of Albany.



"MANHOOD."

THE POEM,

BY WILLIAM D. MORANGE.

“NOT many years have lapsed since drowsy Fame
 Snored through the trumpet which pronounced our name,
 And flung such stupor round it, that when seen,
 It stood for laudanum, opium or morphine.
 Now modern progress works such magic change,
 Each year develops something new and strange.”

Thus — ere our city knew this splendid park,
 Once on a time, I ventured to remark.
 Note now how time has verified the thought —
 What marvellous changes fleeting years have brought!
 And fail not, with a generous pride, to mark
 The radiant glories of this lovely park;
 The fine artistic sense that seems to spread
 A constant beauty wheresoe'er we tread,
 True genius oft approaching, to enhance
 The charms of nature with some art romance.
 To those who knew our city in the day
 When all around this region meant decay,
 To those who from this spot, in vanished years,
 Saw nature's beauties oft through blinding tears —
 When death and sorrow lent a solemn gloom,
 To the not distant empire of the tomb —
 The charm, the sweetness, life, now reigning here,
 Like fairy work or magic must appear.

Could Gabriel Tom Mulhall — whose potent tones
 Controlled in former days the city bones,
 And bade them rise by sections or platoons,
 And march elsewhere, like soldiers or dragoons —
 Once more inspect the tombstone realm he knew,
 And learn how taste and art improve the view
 He would be fairly startled with surprise,
 As modern changes met his wondering eyes.
 And claims for glory and renown might make
 Some common council special action take.

Despite rebuke, contempt and constant sneer
 About the sleepy march of progress here,
 The town we live in may with justice claim
 Real, well-earned tribute for advancing fame;
 And, while the push in building everywhere
 Develops progress often grand and rare,
 Doubt vanishes, in minds that comprehend
 The varied changes of this western end,
 And can with present progress here, contrast
 The dark sepulchral region of the past,
 Which timid souls approached with bated breath —
 Where art meant tombstones, and advance meant death.
 View now the region, where, entranced we stand!
 Where Art and Nature, resting hand in hand,
 Combine their glories, and in myriad ways,
 Delight our vision and control our praise;
 And thank kind Heaven, for the proud display,
 That genuine local pride can boast to-day.

A little while ago, art here revealed
 A form renowned in the poetic field;
 Now, while each heart with fervent praises turns
 To greet, admire and cherish Robert Burns —
 Another magnate, of more ancient days,
 A striking feature in our art displays,
 Stands here, unveiled, to give this ancient town,
 New claim to special glory and renown.

Hail the King Fountain! May its glory live
 While true Albanian pride has words to give!
 Perfect in all that loftiest art demands,
 High tribute to an honored name it stands!
 Long may the memory of that honored name
 Be shrined in hearts that know how true its claim!

In the fierce whirl of life, when war's red blaze
 Gleamed on our country in its earlier days —
 When England's king lost here his power and crown —
 A King in Yankee land acquired renown,
 A Yankee King — young Joshua — brave and true,

Took lofty rank with those who donned the blue,
 Secured historic fame, and built a life
 That shines through those dark hours of freedom's strife.
 When, as the years rolled on, our city knew
 A scion of that Joshua brave and true,
 When Rufus, son of Joshua, ventured here,
 Found here sweet home, and made his title clear
 To wealth and prominence, and those delights
 That genuine worth both merits and invites —
 All knew a man, around whose life there clung,
 In ripened age, as when his years were young —
 The light of honor, truth, integrity —
 A friend, whom rich and poor were proud to see —
 An upright, genial, noble citizen
 Kind, true, and loved by all his fellow men.
 Proud of the city where life's loveliest flowers
 Had bloomed and blossomed with time's fleeting hours,
 Like home regard, impressed the hearts of those,
 Through all whose lives home influence ever shows.
 Inspired with love of home, all hearts like one,
 His children bless the realm where life begun.
 Proud of old Albany, here now appears,
 The record of that pride, for future years
 To love and cherish. May such acts inspire
 Like deeds, for Time to honor and admire!

Hail then this splendid gift! this dream of art —
 Where genius shines through each and every part!
 Bold, novel, grand, idea and work combined,
 It stamps with glory Scotland's sculptor Rhind!
 All honor to the artist! Let his name
 Stand high and bright upon our roll of fame!

Could this, our state's domain of law behold
 More fitting presence than we now unfold,
 When here, unveiled, the world can greet with praise,
 The great law-giver of time's early days?
 (Though some may wish this old law-giving town,
 Unveiled such magnates somewhat further down).

Could artist brain conceive a better theme,
 Presenting Albany's long cherished dream,
 Of seeing some great power rising up
 And striking for pure water for the cup?
 Could city water always verify
 The charm this fount presents to every eye—
 And infancy and manhood, youth and age,
 Enjoy pure water as their heritage—
 The donors, artist, general public here,
 Might thrill as though angelic hours were near!

One thing I can not fail to here remark
 About our present action in the park:
 When Roman emperors, in ancient days,
 Indulged in their magnificent displays,
 On marked occasions, full of grand design,
 They made their stately fountains flow with wine.
 Now, modern Kings, bestowing founts for water,
 Are proud to have them introduced by Porter.

High honor to the artist! When he turns
 And scans the statue of his brother Burns,
 The gift of Scotland's children, wrought by one
 Whose art career in Albany begun—
 And hears the welcome burst of wild applause
 Greet his own magnate of old scripture laws—
 He must not be amazed, his heart must thrill,
 When the loud tones of those who climb the hill
 To hail art wonders and admire the roses
 Ring out with power, "Great Scot! and Holy Moses!"
 Or gathering round the fount their words take wings
 And hail this royal gift, "By gracious Kings!"

High honor to the liberal hands and hearts
 And true home pride, inviting here the arts
 To mark, adorn, and yield a new delight
 To this domain of beauty grand and bright!
 Kind wishes for prosperity and health
 For those who thus make blessings of their wealth.





"OLD AGE."

In the evening a dinner was given at the Fort Orange club, by Mr. J. Howard King, in honor of Gen. Porter, and of the occasion. Covers were laid for about seventy guests, including those who had taken part in the exercises of the day, the mayor and city officials, the park and the water commissioners, state officials, judges of the court of appeals, trustees and directors of the three financial institutions of which Mr. Rufus H. King, was, and Mr. J. Howard King, is president, members of the press, and personal friends. It was a fitting end to a memorable day.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FOUNTAIN.

The accompanying pictures from photographs give a better idea of the fountain than can be derived from any verbal description.

No attempt has been made by the sculptor to portray history, and to call the fountain "Moses Smiting the Rock" would be clearly a misnomer; for in order that it might be monumental in character, as seemed essential, it was necessary that the central figure should stand upon the rock and not beside it; so Moses appears, in heroic size, upon the apex, with arms uplifted, rod in hand, summoning the people to come and partake of the freely flowing water. The figure is both majestic and graceful; the feet are firmly placed, the drapery is skilfully handled, the pose is commanding, and the statue in every way worthy of its

noble subject. The head, while by no means a slavish copy of Michael Angelo's famous Moses, is modeled after that universally accepted type, to depart from which might have seemed almost audacious. It is the Moses of the Bible, of art and of our own imagination.

As typical of the vast multitudes of every age who followed their leader into the wilderness, side statues in bronze have been placed at the four corners of the rock. They represent the four great periods of life. Childhood is personified by a naked babe to whom, in its mother's arms she is giving drink, and an older boy by her side helping himself. It is a beautiful group, natural, graceful and charming. Youth is shown in the person of a young virgin, half nude, coming with pitchers, as came Rebekah and the woman of Samaria, to the well. The subject has been treated with great delicacy and with great success. Manhood is typified as a warrior, with sword strapped to his waist, shield at his back, and extending both hands to catch the water as it falls. The hair is long, and the body naked with the exception of from the loins to the knees. Old Age leans on his staff as he quaffs the sparkling stream.

The water flows in cascades, ingeniously contrived to afford a pleasing variety, so that no two sides of the fountain are at all alike in this respect. Around all is a spacious basin which gold and silver fish, lilies and other aquatic plants will make both interesting and beautiful.

The rocks brought from the Storm King mountain on the Hudson have been so put together by Mr. M. T.

Mollinson as to hide artifice entirely. These will soon be covered with Japanese ivy and other vegetation.

The unseen plumbing has been carefully done, and the interior works are so constructed that they can be reached at any time through a tunnel to which there is a bronze door with the inscription:

"This fountain was erected by Henry L. King in memory of his father, Rufus H. King, — 1893 — J. Massey Rhind, sculptor."

The fountain supplemented by a sum the income of which is intended to keep it in repair, was turned over to the city complete, without the cost to the public of a single penny, Mr. J. Howard King having personally met all incidental expenses from first to last.

In discussing the propriety of using so large a sum of money for a public fountain, it has been said elsewhere and may here be repeated:

"Whenever a large sum of money is devised to any public purpose other public purposes rise up as rival claimants; and especially is this true where the object benefited or provided for is artistic in its nature. A fountain, a statue, a monument, a memorial arch is sure to elicit the protest:

"Why was not this ointment sold for 300 pence and given to the poor?"

"Art has her mission, as well as Charity, or History, or Fame; and fortunate for lovers of Art in this goodly city, no matter how poor or humble they may be—fortunate for the city itself, fortunate for the memory of one of its most distinguished citizens of former years, the King memorial is not only a King fountain, but a king of fountains among the fountains of this age and country."



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